

The Historie

He made a blushing citall of himselfe.
 And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
 As if he mastred there a double spirit
 Of teaching and of learning instantly:
 There did he pause; but let me tell the world,
 If he outliue the enue of this day,
 England did neuer owe so sweete a hope
 So much misconstured in his wantonnesse.
Hot. Coosen, I thinke thou art enamored
 On his follies: neuer did I heare
 Of any prince so wild a libertie:
 But be he as he will, yet once e're night,
 I will imbrace him with a souldiers arme,
 That he shall shrinke vnder my courtesie.
 Arme, arme with speed and fellowes, souldiers, friendes,
 Better consider what you haue to do,
 Then I that haue not wel the gift of tongue
 Can lift your blood vp with perswasion. *Enter a messenger.*
Mes. My Lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I can not read them now.
 O, Gentlemen, the time of life is short:
 To spend that shortnes basely, were too long;
 If life did ride vpon a diall point,
 Still ending at the arriuall of an houre,
 And if we lue, we lue to tread on kings,
 If die, braue death when princes die with vs.
 Now for our consciences, the armes are faire,
 When the intent of bearing them is iust. *Enter another.*
Mes. My Lord, prepare, the king comes on apace.
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
 For I professe not talking, onely this,
 Let each man doe his best: and here draw I a sword,
 Whose temper I intend to staine
 With the best blood that I can meet withall,
 In the aduenture of this perilous day.
 Now esperance Percy, and set on,
 Sound all the loftie instruments of war,
 And by that Musicke let vs all embrace,

of Henry the fourth.

For heauen to earth, some of vs neuer shall
 A second time doe such a courtesie.
*Here they embrace, the trumpets sound, the king enters with his
 power, alarme to the battell, then enter Douglas, and Sir Wal-
 ter Blunt.*
Blunt. What is thy name, that in battell thus thou crosest me?
 What honour dost thou seeke vpon my head?
Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas,
 And I doe haunt thee in the battell thus,
 Because some tell me that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Doug. The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought
 Thy likenesse, for instead of thee, King Harry,
 This sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
 Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as my prisoner.
Blunt. I was not borne a yeelder, thou proud Scot:
 And thou shalt find a king that will reuenge
 Lord Staffords death.
They fight, Douglas kills Blunt, then enter Hotspur.
Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
 I neuer had triumpht vpon a Scot.
Doug. Als done, als won: here breathles lyes the king.
Hot. Where? *Doug.* Here.
Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well,
 A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
 Sanblably furnisht like the king himself.
Doug. Ah foole, goe with thy soule whither it goes,
 A borrowed title hast thou bought too deare.
 Why didst thou tel me, that thou wert a king?
Hot. The king hath many marching in his coates.
Doug. Now by my sword, I will kill all his coates:
 He murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
 Vntill I meete the king. *Hot.* Vp, and away,
 Our souldiers stand full fairely for the day.
Alarme, Enter Falstaffe solus.
Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I feare the
 shot here, here's no scoring but vpo the pate. Soft, who are you?
 Sir Walter Blunt, ther's honor for you, here's no vanity: I am as
 K hot